Through Turkey Pass

To Amherst & Beyond

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SKETCHES OF LOCAL HISTORY.

BY

ALICE M. WALKER

Ye Amherst Girl of ye Olden Tyme.

"By a simple assemblage of facts, the author has contrived to introduce her readers to the people, the customs, the occupations and the recreations which made up the life of Amherst during the last century."—*H. H. Neill*, Professor of English Literature, Amherst College.

Early Days in the Connecticut Valley.

"Mrs. Walker has gathered from many sources, facts, and put them together in a most interesting narrative, told in a style unusually picturesque."—*The Nation.*

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"The story as told within these covers gives us a fresh and unhackneyed picture not only of the childhood and early girlhood of our heroine but of the sturdy little boy, laying from year to year the foundations of that strength and masterfulness of character which afterwards carried him so triumphantly through the days that tried men's souls."—*Mabel Loomis Todd*, President of the Amherst Historical Society.

Through Turkey Pass to Amherst and Beyond.

This booklet describes Amherst and bits of neighboring towns as seen by the tourist who rides on the trolley car from Mount Norwottuck to Sugar Loaf, and from Amherst College to Pelham heights. Oldtime associations are recalled by reference to the history of homesteads and scenes along the way.

These booklets are illustrated, containing reproductions of old portraits and pictures of Amherst as it appears to-day. The first four have cover designs drawn by Miss Martha Genung. All are interesting sketches of local history and suitable for souvenirs and holiday gifts.

The price of *Mary Mattoon and Her Hero of the Revolution* is fifty cents; the price of each of the others is twenty-five cents. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Mrs. C. S. Walker, 21 Main Street, Amherst, Mass.

TURKEY PASS

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TO

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ALICE M. WALKER

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS
1903

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By Alice M. Walker

THROUGH TURKEY PASS TO AMHERST AND BEYOND.

"Thou lovely vale of sweetest stream that flows:
Winding and willow fringed Connecticut:
Swift to thy fairest scenes my fancy flies."

* * * * *

"Back to thy peaceful villages and fields
My memory, like a weary pilgrim, comes
With scrip and burdon to repose awhile."

Thus sang J. G. Holland of his native valley. To his youthful poetic vision the Holyoke mountains, as seen from old Northampton, were a mystery and an inspiration. Shadows of fleecy clouds chased each other up and down the green slopes of Norwottuck. Along the rocky summit of Bare Mountain summer storms gathered, and from this stronghold marched across the valley. Sturdy evergreens with roots running deep into the scanty soil between the cliffs and boulders diversified the snowy winter landscape. This ever-changing mountain wall, rising against the southern sky, was a perpetual challenge to the youth who afterward climbed those heights, and left for us a vivid word-painting of the scene which he beheld.

"I saw below me, like a jewelled cup,
The valley hollowed to its heaven-kissed lip."
* * * * *
"Across the meadows, carpet for the gods,
Northampton rose, half hidden in her trees,
Lifted above the level of the fields,
And noiseless as a picture."

"Eastward, upon another fertile stretch
Of meadow, sward and tilth, embowered in elms,
Lay the twin streets and sprang the single spire
Of Hadley, where the hunted regicides
Securely lived of old and strangely died:
And eastward still, upon the last green step
From which the Angel of the Morning Light
Leaps to the meadow lands, fair Amherst sat,
Capped by her many windowed colleges:
While from his outpost in the rising north,
Bald with the winds and ruddy with the suns
Of the long eons, stood old Sugar Loaf,
Gazing with changeless brow upon a scene
Changing to fairer beauty evermore."

Turkey Pass.

The early settlers of Hadley were prosaic people. To them those southern mountains represented difficulty and danger, an obstacle to be overcome, a wall separating them from the outside world. Among the tangled woods and rocky passes lurked bears and wildcats. From out those lofty hiding-places came the stealthy Indian foe, and back among the rocky shades he fled when his bloody work was done. A century later the people who lived to the east of Hadley bade a sor-

ELM TREE AND HOMESTEAD OF THOMAS J. THURSTON

rowful farewell to their venturesome sons and daughters, who, attracted by tales of the rich lands and fisheries at the "Great Falls" of the Connecticut River, moved families and goods to that distant region. When the hostile Indian and beast of prey had disappeared, the Holyoke mountains were to the mind of the Amherst farmer a never failing woodlot, a game preserve whence he could procure fresh meat, and a pasture for his cattle. The first travelled path through the forest from Amherst to

South Hadley was a steep and crooked trail, leading around great boulders and over rocky ledges and he who would take the journey was obliged to trudge on foot. Deer fled into the woods on either hand. Rabbits darted like shadows across the path and sometimes a rattlesnake beside the way sounded an alarm. Bolder than all these, at echo of footsteps, flocks of wild turkeys gobbled and fled. The traveler seldom failed to fire at these presumptuous birds with his old-fashioned musket, and assured himself of a welcome by presenting his hostess at South Hadley Falls with the material for a sumptuous dinner. These early settlers were successful hunters, and the mountains around this valley afforded them opportunity to procure the game so necessary to comfort. Deer furnished food and clothing, the skins being made into breeches, jackets and moccasins, and as a result the animals became exceedingly scarce after 1780 in spite of a law passed for their protection, enforced by the "Informers of Deer" who were appointed to arrest offenders. The wild turkeys, however, increased and multiplied, and housewives from their great brick ovens sometimes served birds weighing almost sixty pounds. One flock remained in 1842, a few turkeys in 1845, one old gobbler in 1851. Not many years ago the initials of the oldtime turkey hunters might have been seen cut on the trees along the way near the places where their famous shots were made, and tales of their skill are handed down to their descendants. Hunters and game have passed away, but we who spin through "Turkey Pass" on the Amherst and Sunderland trolley cars, in imagination spy amid the mountain shadows the barrel of an ancient musket, and hear the shrill notes of that last old turkey-gobbler as his ghost flies despairing from its native haunts.

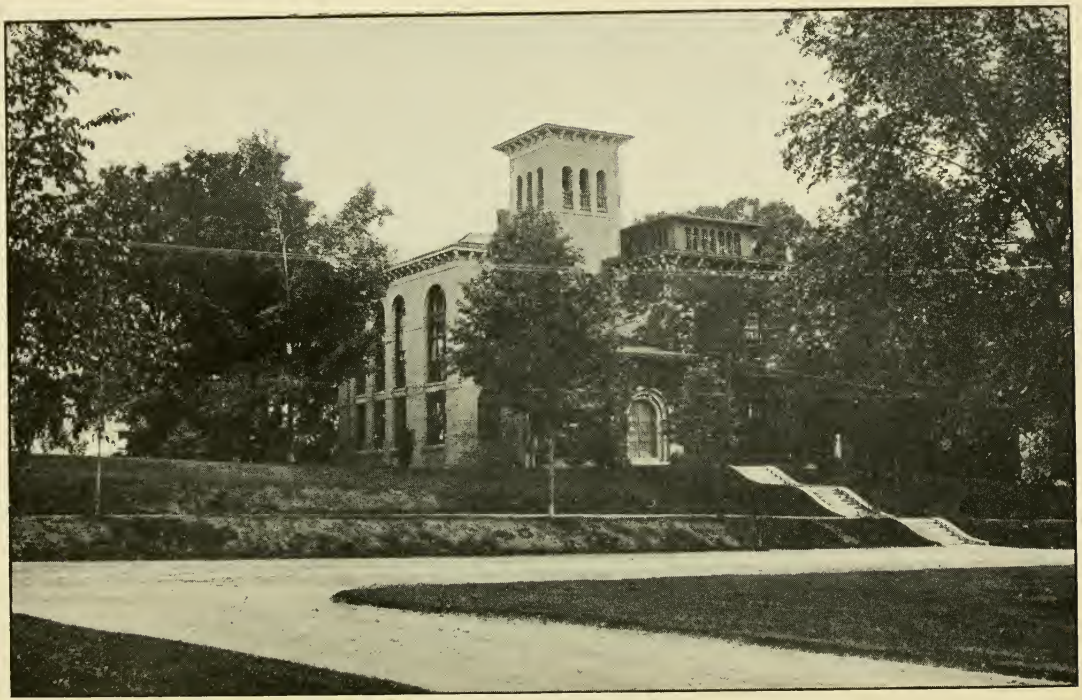
SCENE ON FORT RIVER—*From History of Amherst*

The old Indian trail, made passable for horses, was afterward widened into a wagon road, over which plodded travelers on business or pleasure, farmers with loads of produce bound for Springfield, and later, on visitors' days, the favored college students who were allowed to call on their "cousins" within the sacred precincts of "Mount Holyoke Female Seminary." Mr. Oren Williams, just passed his ninetieth birthday, remembers working on that old road before it was abandoned for the present highway. But all old-fashioned means of transportation proved too slow for the Amherst farmers of the present day, and the enterprising citizens of the town built an electric railroad. "From his outpost in the rising North" old Sugar Loaf looked down and saw the trolley car deposit its crowds of passengers within the limits of his shadow and almost at his feet. Not content with opening to the people of Sunderland a direct line of communication with Amherst and Northampton, the railroad company sent gangs of workmen along the old Indian trail, who laid the rails and stretched the wire. On July 12, 1902, two cars decked with flags and filled with officers of the company and their friends ran through the Notch to South Hadley. By means of the Amherst and Sunderland electric railroad the Holyoke mountains, once a wall of separation, have become a medium of communication between two colleges, and a bond of union between two neighboring towns. Rumors of the wild and unique scenery along this new route have gone abroad, and during the first season loaded cars brought visitors from New York, New Haven and other distant cities. "Fair Amherst, with her many windowed colleges" is to-day not only an educational center, but also a

place of arrival from all parts of the state, and of departure to the four points of the compass.

The section of territory opened by the Amherst and Sunderland trolley line is rich in historic incident and association. The traveler who would visit this locality under most favorable circumstances will leave the city hall in Holyoke on a clear day in early summer, or when the mountains are glowing in the garb of late October. We pass Mount Holyoke college in South Hadley. The scene changes from fertile meadows to rocky pasture land and before us, seeming impassable, lie the Holyoke mountains. No cog-wheel road is needed here, for the Indian who trod this winding way selected the lowest passage between two mountain peaks over which to make the journey, and the white man has followed in his track. The rails are laid upon a firm foundation. The car moves up a gentle grade, made easy of ascent by filling in with the abundant supply of rocks flung by gigantic hands from heights above. The mountains close about us and we have reached the Notch of the present day, in olden time the "Round Hill Crack" or "Turkey Pass."

These mountains are precipitous and of volcanic origin, having been forced up through the surrounding strata. To the botanist and geologist they are of especial interest. The flora is varied and furnishes innumerable specimens for collections made by students of the neighboring schools and colleges. Wild beasts no longer affright the ramblers through the woods, but foxes and squirrels and rabbits are there, and birds may be seen in great variety. Trout streams tempt the angler, and the bee-hunter and the entomologist find pleasure and profit in their researches among the peaks and foothills.



AMHERST COLLEGE—HENRY T. MORGAN LIBRARY

A tract of land near the Notch will soon be cleared for picnic grounds. In the Notch itself the traveler from Holyoke sees to the west a famous talus slope known as the "Devil's Garden," where for ages the rocks have fallen and split in pieces. Thousands of tons of shingle stones suitable for the construction of macadam roadbeds are now made available, and will no doubt be used for the improvement of adjacent highways. In early days rattlesnakes came out to sun themselves upon these solitary ledges, but none have been seen here for many years, and the mountain climber need not fear to venture on the footpath which leads over the rocks beyond to the top of Bare Mountain which overlooks the pass from the west. No house is on the summit and no fee will be required, but the extended view which meets the eye will well repay the slight exertion.

Mount Norwottuck.

Another peak, the highest in the Holyoke range, rises just beyond Round Hill east of the pass. This is Norwottuck, named from the old Indian tribe that owned the land before the white man came. From its summit may be seen the whole of the beautiful Connecticut valley. Far to the north rise the Green Mountains of Vermont, and black against the sky lies Monadnock in New Hampshire, while nearer looms Mount Toby, like a gigantic sleeping elephant. Beyond the eastern hills Wachusett may be seen. A distant western peak, the highest in our state, recalls the Indian chief, old Gray Lock, who from its summit watched the signal smokes of his

followers encamped in the valley below. Behind the Pelham hills lies Mount Lincoln, a green embankment from whose heights the patriots' bonfires blazed in Revolutionary days. Farther south with its tall spire against a cloud, like a toy building set upon the edge of the horizon, stands the white meeting-house in Prescott. From north to south the glistening river takes its tortuous way. Hadley and Amherst, Belchertown and Granby, seem at our very feet. Holyoke with its thriving industries and Springfield with its armory, fix our attention, and many prosperous towns and country villages in this fair valley lie misty in the distance.

How different the scene from that beheld by savage King Philip seated in his chair of old red sandstone on Mount Sugar Loaf! From his exalted position the Indian chief gazed upon dense forests, broken only by clearings about the struggling river settlements. Tradition tells us that as he gazed he considered plans by which the pale intruders were to be wiped out of existence and the valley restored to its primitive possessors. After the dark days of Indian conflict and massacre had passed, the scene from the top of Norwottuck showed Hadley as a little group of houses in the bend of the river, and across the stream was Northampton, another small cluster of buildings. Below the Great Falls to the south a faint cloud of smoke on the horizon marked the location of Springfield. The few houses in Deerfield and Northfield were hidden in the great northern woods, which extended, an unbroken wilderness, to Canada.

In 1760 Paul Coffin, a famous traveler, climbed Norwottuck and described the landscape as a "Beautiful garden." Timothy

AMHERST COLLEGE

Dwight made several trips to the top of the range and recorded his impressions in enthusiastic language. President Edward Hitchcock at the head of a party of students July 4, 1845, cut a road up Mount Holyoke and dined with Mary Lyon and her girls upon its summit. Professor Shepard upon that occasion made the following prophecy:

"Henceforth with showers of blessings on your heads will ascend to this most commanding eyrie of the Connecticut valley the tired traveler, the wan invalid, prattling childhood and even hoary age: while maiden beauty, no more toiling over uncertain footpaths, and up steep declivities, will with flowing robe and plumed hat be attended hither by gallant knight on prancing steed."

The next year the class of 1846 cut in the same manner a road up Mount Norwottuck. The dwellers in South Amherst built a platform on the summit and five hundred students from both "literary institutions" joined with people of the town in a fourth of July picnic on the mountain top. Salutes were fired and President Hitchcock in his address offered the following sentiment:

"Mount Norwottuck: hitherto it has been a wall of separation between two literary institutions. To-day it is a point of union. May it ever be an object of deep interest to both."

Rev. George E. Fisher of North Amherst, a member of the class of 1846, well remembers this unique celebration in which he was an active participant. At this time a steam railroad had invaded the valley. Concerning the new road the *Hampshire and Franklin Express*, the Amherst weekly paper, said:

"And may we not fancy that even these mountains as they look down upon the outspreading vales, and feel the iron

shackles binding together their feet, and behold the rushing engine of art casting forth fire and smoke, safely conducting along said road most tasteful carriages filled with human beings, will at such scenes smile in their elevated grandeur?"

This trembling hope has become a reality. The progress of modern science has made the "fire and smoke" and the "rushing engine of art" no longer a necessity in order to enjoy quick transportation. The mountains "in their elevated grandeur" have allowed a trolley road to penetrate their solitudes. Who can doubt but that they really smile at the passage of the "tasteful carriages" by means of which Norwottuck has become a "point of union." The wish of President Hitchcock is to-day completely fulfilled.

The Bay Road.

It is not necessary, however, to climb the mountain in order to admire the northern prospect, for this is seen from the car just before passing the brow of the hill. The road is perfectly ballasted, and the descent toward Amherst is smooth and gradual. Reaching level around, we cross the old Bay Road, once the stage route to Boston, a historic highway, whose narrow winding course is thronged with shadows of the past.

The Bay Road in the olden time was the channel through which laws were communicated, and by means of which news was received from distant friends. That stony highway, crossed in its length by a hundred streams, was a bond radiating with love and hope and memory. Here and there a hospitable tavern opened its doors to travelers and hunters, who drank their flip and smoked their pipes before its fire.

AMHERST HOUSE

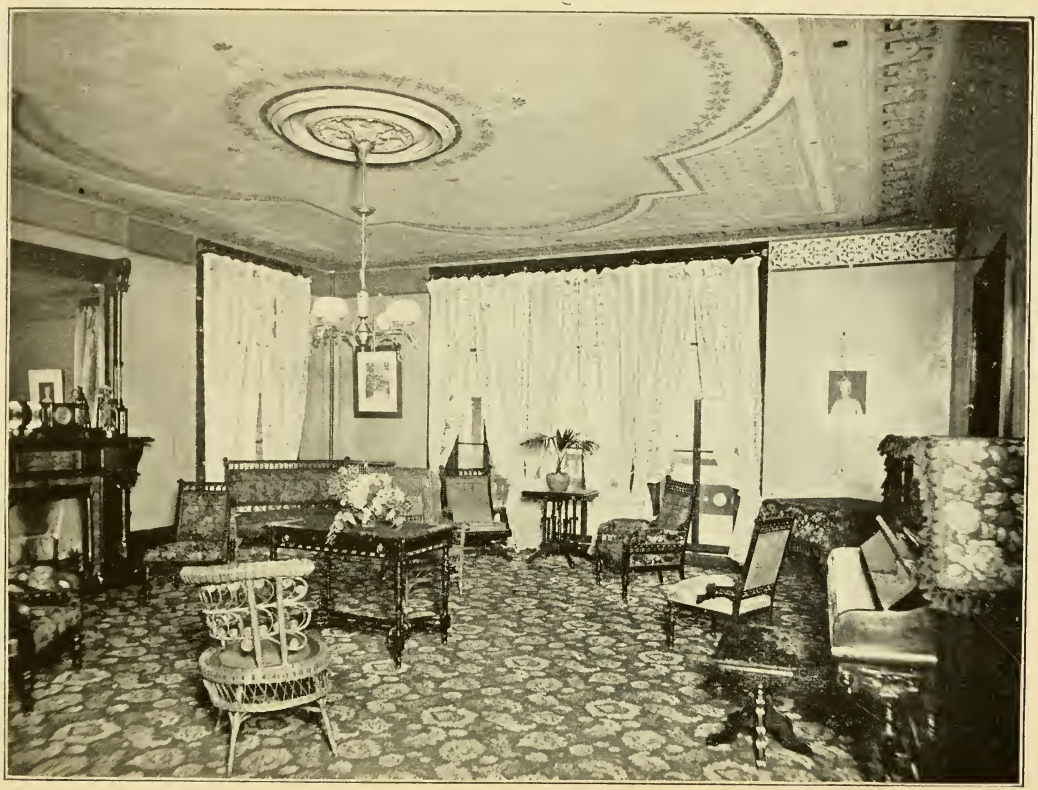
Bartlett's tavern, burned many years ago, was on the Bay Road in South Amherst, and Jonathan Bridgman kept an "ordinary" in the old homestead now occupied by his descendant, Mrs. Louisa Porter. We can imagine how the tavern-keeper's little lad listened with open mouth to tales of strange adventures, and then crept trembling to bed, to shiver beneath the bedclothes at the long drawn howl of the hungry wolf on the mountain side, and to dream of wildcats ready to leap from overhanging boughs on him who passed beneath their shadow.

The dwellers in these taverns lived in troubled times. During the French and Indian wars their homes were on a military highway. Captain Reuben Dickinson at the head of a company of Amherst volunteers hastened along the Bay Road to Boston, summoned by the gun fired at Lexington. Burgoyne's troops, after the surrender, were escorted over this same road, stopping to fill their canteens at a place where three little mountain brooks came together. Cannon for Commodore Perry's fleet rumbled along by the Bridgman tavern, and heavy carts loaded with merchandise passed to and from the Bay. As settlements on the river multiplied the Bay Path became a great thoroughfare. Droves of cattle and of pigs and flocks of sheep raised clouds of dust along the way. Later came stage-coaches, driven at furious rate night and day. The "Fast Mail Coach" left Boston at five o'clock in the morning and reached Bartlett's tavern at three in the afternoon, always stopping to water the horses at the watering place which has been in use for more than a hundred years. The old Bay Path is to-day almost deserted, a narrow, crooked, grass-grown highway. Its traditions are unknown to the present generation and

its history will soon be forgotten. About its mossy banks and timeworn pebbles lingers still the romance of the olden time and its heroic deeds. Those who choose to walk along this road a short distance eastward will be rewarded with an extended view of northern mountain scenery unsurpassed in western Massachusetts.

South Amherst.

The West Street of South Amherst, along which the trolley road passes, is bordered by a succession of fertile farms, abodes of thrift, intelligence and enterprise. The first homestead on the left has been the lifelong residence of its owner, Emery T. Darling, and was the home of his father and grandfather. Parts of the house were built more than a hundred years ago. Upon the right we see one of the oldest houses in the neighborhood, the home of Walter Hayward. The projecting upper story of this building proves it to belong to one of the most antique types of architecture in New England. Amherst has long been noted for its handsome elms, but none more stately and beautiful can be seen in the valley than the magnificent tree in front of the homestead of Thomas J. Thurston, recently sold to Charles Stiles. Here in order to avoid destroying this ancient landmark, the surveyor located the electric road between the tree and the house, thus saving to the owner one of the chief ornaments of his estate. This farm was the birthplace of Mr. Thurston's paternal grandmother. The tree which was planted by a member of the family in the early part of the last century has grown to be fifteen feet in circumference with branches spreading a hundred



AMHERST HOUSE PARLOR

feet. From beneath this tree by day we can see the trolley track along its crooked course far up the mountain side and at night we spy the gleaming eye of the car as it emerges from the rocky cut, and may watch it as like an erratic firefly it appears and disappears among the trees, and finally rushes past before we know that it is upon us. From the Thurston farm across an expanse of fertile meadows lies the village of South Amherst, the spire of its church rising white against the Mount Lincoln foothills. This section of the town has been the home of many distinguished men and women. John C. Hammond of Northampton, and the Bridgman family, well known as writers, teachers and journalists, were born in South Amherst and received their early education in its schools. The first public library in town was kept at Deacon David Moody's, and the first anti-slavery society was organized in the schoolhouse on the Green. From South Amherst have come selectmen, representatives, and county commissioners. The names Merrick, Dickinson, Bridgman, Dana, Johnson, and Read are prominent among those who organized and have supported the Congregational church. At the south end of the town lives Mrs. Henry Bishop, Amherst's one real Daughter of the American Revolution. Several of the old houses on West Street have passed into the hands of strangers. The large and fertile farms of James E. and Allen P. Merrick, who not many years ago were influential citizens and filled many public offices, have descended to their sons, who occupy the old homesteads. But few other representatives of the early settlers remain.

The trolley line, skirting the hill, crosses "Fort River,"

MAIN STREET, TOWN HALL AND COMMON—A view from the Amherst House Veranda

which rises in Pelham, and flows into the Connecticut at Hockanum, near the site of the old Indian fort. At Mill Valley the car passes in sight of the Clark house and the Gaylord house, both of which were built in 1782. These afford good types of the gambrel-roofed dwellings much in favor with an earlier generation. Near this point Shays Street, named for the famous leader of the rebellion, joins South Pleasant Street. For some distance the trolley follows the road over which the insurgents, in the winter of 1787, fled in hot haste on their way to Pelham, pursued by General Lincoln and his army. The spacious golf links of the Amherst Country Club are located on Mount Doma to the left, south of the tracks of the Boston and Maine railroad, and the Club-house may be seen far back among the trees. The Country Club, though recently organized, has a large number of members, and is very popular with townspeople and students. Near the Boston and Maine station in the broad highway, the annual muster and training of the militia, commanded by General Mattoon and other famous officers, was held in olden time.

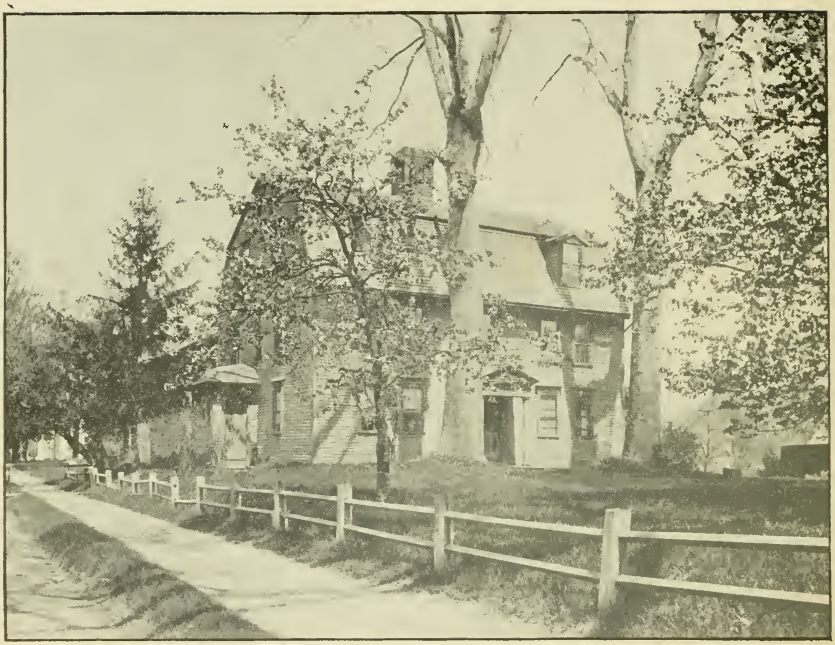
Amherst College.

From this point we see, crowning the hill, a group of brick buildings, recalling the early days of Amherst College, as described in *Ye Amherst Girl of Ye Olden Tyme.*

"When the first idea of Amherst College entered the minds of men who saw far into the future history of the town, and were anxious for its welfare, the fund then started was called the 'charity fund, five-sixths of the interest of which shall be appropriated to the education of indigent, pious young men for the ministry.'

BOLTWOOD TAVERN SIGN—*From History of Amherst*

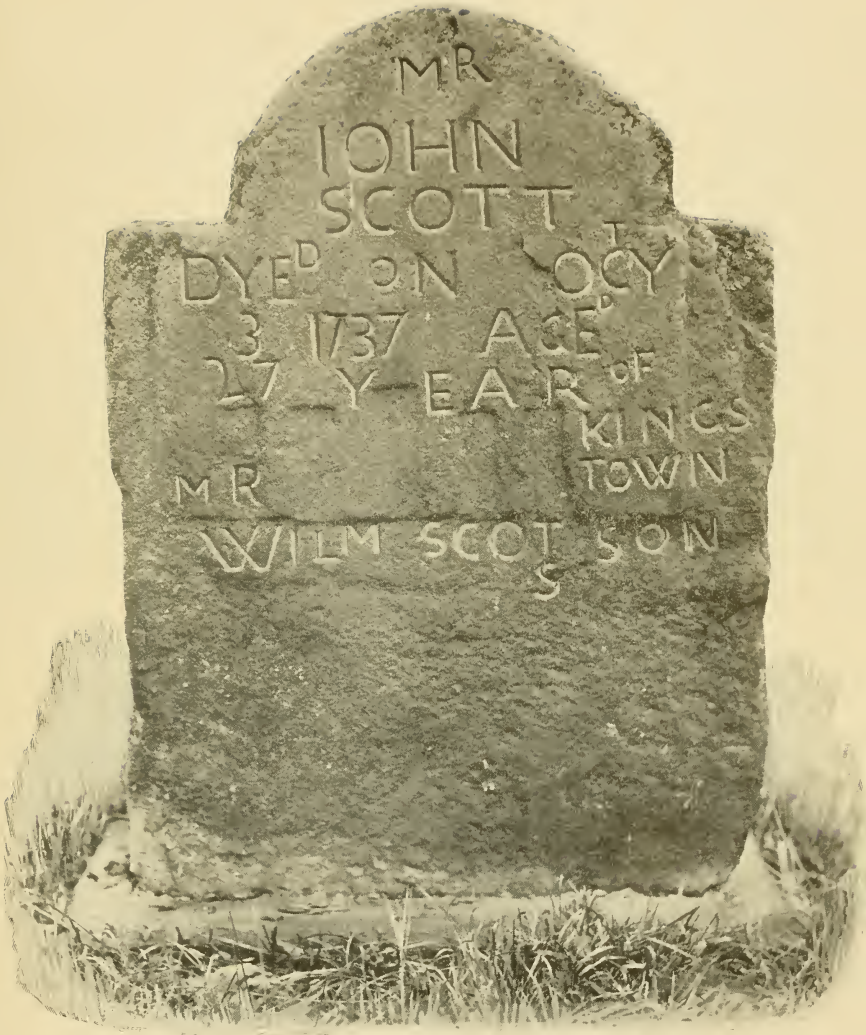
"Our Amherst girl was grown and married, when plodding along the road leading to the village, a strange procession might have been seen. Ox-teams laden with building material of all kinds, with lime and sand and lumber, driven by farmers from the ends of the town, from Leverett and Shutesbury and Belchertown, hastened to college hill and deposited their burdens among the trees. Pelham contributed great blocks of stone, a firm foundation upon which to build, and all was a gift, without money and without price. The farmers turned out in force and camped in tents upon the hill, and labored



OLD STRONG HOUSE—*From History of Amherst*

like the Jews building their temple. They plowed and scraped and levelled and dug the trenches for the foundations, and amid scenes of excitement such as the quiet town had never before witnessed the brick dormitory which to-day we call South College rose solidly above the cornerstone of Pelham granite, on which it has rested securely for over eighty years.

"All this is proudly recalled as, annually, at Commencement, the students sing in their Memory Hymn to Old Amherst:



THE OLDEST STONE IN WEST CEMETERY—*From History of Amherst*

CHAPEL AND LIBRARY—Agricultural College

'Here, in toil and stress of trial,
Here in sturdy self-denial,
Wrought, to found these hoary walls,
Men whose lifelong consecration,
Rich in sacred inspiration,
Us to high endeavor calls,
Ay, to largest manhood calls.'"

Amherst College of to-day under the direction of its President, George Harris, D.D., LL.D., has attained to a high rank among institutions of its class. It does not aspire to be a university, nor is it a technical school. It is content to be a college where young men may obtain a liberal education that shall broaden and discipline the mind and develop those elements of individual character which will fit the man for whatever

profession or occupation the future may bring to him. Its curriculum has especially to do with the humanities, while science is not neglected. History, literature, oratory, the languages, philosophy, and art are taught by inspiring instructors. Among its corps of professors are found men of genius and of commanding influence, and its alumni occupy honorable positions all over the world.

Our car carries us past the white house south of the Boston and Maine tracks, in which Ebenezer S. Snell, one of the first two graduates of the college and afterward Professor of Mathematics, lived and made his meteorological observations. From the railroad bridge we may notice the grand-stand of Pratt athletic field. Observatory House, the residence of Professor David P. Todd, celebrated as the conductor of many eclipse expeditions, and of Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, a well known author and lecturer, is also plainly to be seen. Adjoining Observatory House, the new College astronomical observatory will soon be built. The third house north of the railroad track was once the home of President Edward Hitchcock, who used the octagon annex as a study and cabinet. Near by is the Delta Upsilon fraternity house, and a little further on is the house, once the home of Professor Fiske in which his daughter Helen was born. Many of us remember her amusing story entitled "The Naughtiest Day of My Life," published in a magazine, which described the adventures of two little girls who many years ago ran away to Hadley and were brought back by Professor Tyler. This naughty Amherst heroine afterward became the most noted writer of fiction that Amherst can claim by birth, and, as Helen Hunt Jackson, the

NORTH COLLEGE—Agricultural College

author of "Ramona" and a "Century of Dishonor" is accorded a high rank among the authors of America.

The old Nash tavern, whose ancient sign is on exhibition in the rooms of the Amherst Historical Society, stood on the right hand side of the street, about half way up College hill. Near its site lived Edward Tuckerman, the distinguished Professor of Botany, who was a pioneer in the study of the flora of the White Mountains, and whose name is borne by one of the famous ravines in that region. Crowning the western brow of the hill, built of brick with white trimmings, is the President's Colonial mansion, and beside it stands the beautiful Morgan library. The next building is College Hall, formerly the First Congregational church, where in olden time townspeople and

students worshipped together, and where now the public exercises of Commencement day and week are held. On the eastern side of the street may be seen closely grouped on College hill the North and South dormitories and the old chapel surmounted by its clock tower which is visible for many miles in every direction. Near by are Appleton Cabinet, containing the famous "bird-tracks" discovered by President Hitchcock, Williston Hall in which is the Mather Art collection, Walker Hall, an attractive building made of light gray granite, and the old observatory with its dome shaped roof. The gymnasium and the college church are hidden among the trees and at the northeast corner of the grounds is the red brick chemical and physics laboratory. The drive which leads to the church affords a fine outlook over the eastern valley and Pelham heights. Travelers from all over the world have declared the extended landscape spread before him who climbs to the top of Amherst college tower to be unsurpassed in beauty and variety by any viewed in foreign lands.

Approaching the village we pass on the left the Psi Upsilon house, which was built in 1822 and occupied for several years by the President of the College. Afterward it was the home of Professor Fowler and his daughter Emily, the granddaughter of Noah Webster and mother of Paul Leicester Ford. The cream brick fraternity house of Alpha Delta Phi, surrounded by its velvet lawn, presents an imposing appearance.

Fair Amherst.

It would be pleasant to remember the famous citizens of the olden time whose names are connected with every foot of

ground over which we have passed, who walked upon these streets and lived and died in these old houses. Our modern institutions are a record of their deeds, and their memory is held in grateful recollection. Side by side with the car from Northampton the Amherst and Sunderland car rolls up to the common. An hour and a quarter from the time we left the Holyoke city hall we have arrived at the Amherst House. Here the genial proprietor, D. H. Kendrick, gives us a hearty welcome and an excellent dinner. Many travelers by trolley, surprised to find the comfort and elegance of the city in a country village, are tempted to tarry awhile with Landlord Kendrick and enjoy his hospitality, while seeing the town, and at Commencement all his available rooms are engaged far in advance. The table of the Amherst House is the pride of the management and is daily supplied with fresh fruit and vegetables from the Agricultural College farm, and with meat and poultry from the best markets. The parlors are spacious and elegantly furnished and the dining-room is airy and well lighted, while from the broad veranda the guests enjoy a pleasant outlook.

The Amherst House is built on land given by the town to its first minister, Rev. David Parsons, and by him deeded to his son, Gideon Parsons, who kept an "ordinary" in a small one-story building with gambrel roof. In 1806 Elijah Boltwood kept the tavern which had then become a two-story structure, painted yellow. Before this oldtime hotel, from a stout post, a marvelous sign was suspended. A well stocked bar-room on the lower floor offered refreshment to the weary, and up stairs in the dancing hall the frivolous were enabled to enjoy their favorite recreation.

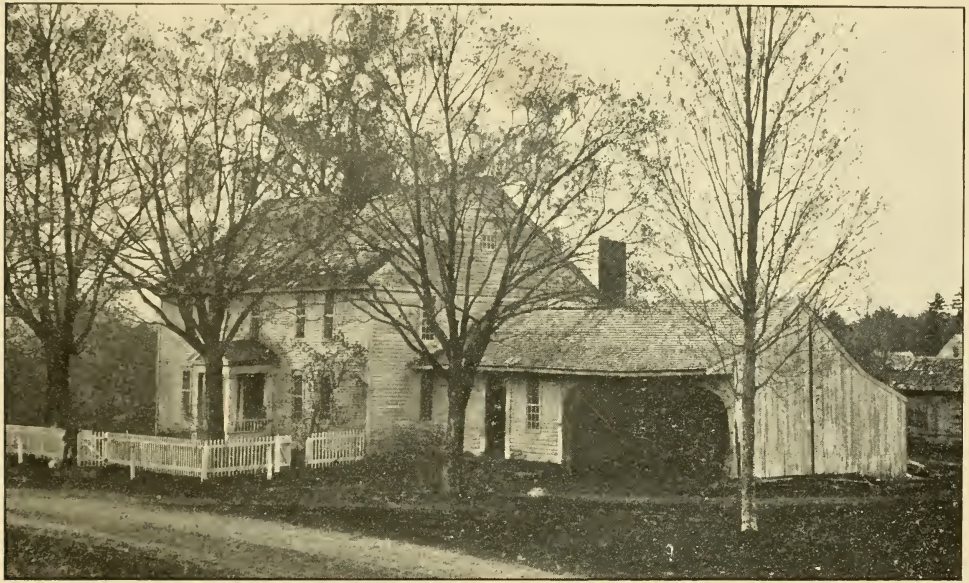
DRILL HALL—Agricultural College

The Boltwood tavern was for years one of the best known inns in western Massachusetts, and many a traveler timed his journey that he might spend a night beneath its hospitable roof. Coaches rolled up with crack of whip before the office door, and distinguished guests inscribed their names upon the old register and while sitting around the roaring fire discussed and decided the fate of the nation. Those famous worthies all are gone, and could they visit their ancient haunts they would not recognize in the handsomely appointed modern hotel the old-time tavern of their recollection.

The world moves on, and the fact is emphasized most strongly to the guest who, from the veranda of the Amherst House watches the trolley cars start out in four different directions, and realizes that he has but to choose his car, to be landed in Sunderland, Pelham, Holyoke or Northampton.

The eye is pleased to wander across the velvet turf of the common to Grace Episcopal church and to the fine red brick Town Hall, the pride of Amherst. This building contains offices and public library and court room below, while on the second floor an audience room will seat a thousand persons. It is difficult to realize that over the common, now a miniature park, in olden time cows wandered at their will, with clanging bells, and that on the eastern border was a pond fringed with alders, from which flocks of geese with loud hisses repelled invasion. The worthy fathers and mothers plodded slowly past pasture and goose-pond down a street as crooked as the rail fence which skirted its eastern border and in rainy seasons muddy to an untold depth. Sometimes finding it impossible to pick their way, they climbed painfully along the fence, thankful that their clothes were of stout homespun and their leather shoes impervious to water. A correspondent of the *Express* urged the citizens to get flagstones from Montague to make sidewalks between Sweetser and Cutler's store and the old First church on College Hill, and said: "If this project does not meet with favor, my next proposal will be to our merchants that they should lay in an assortment of stilts for the rainy season."

From the hotel veranda the business blocks are plainly seen. Where in the olden time Luke Sweetser sold "Sarsnet and Levantine Silks," "Blue and Brown Camblets," and "Dark Flowing blue Tea-setts," is to-day the drug store of Henry Adams and Company. Women in need of "Balzorines" and "Green Bocking" went to Field and Dickinson's. The "Pestalozzian Primer" was for sale in the bookstore of J. S. & C. Adams. Merrick M. Marsh sold "Palm Leaf Mat-



OLD HUBBARD TAVERN—From History Pacific Lodge A. F. and A. M.

tresses" and Thomas Wales advertised that he was "determined not to raise the price of shoes if he could possibly help it." Farmers were prosperous, and wonderful specimens of farm products were sent in to the editor of the *Express.* "Levi Dickinson, 2nd," of Hadley exhibited an egg measuring seven and five-eighths by six and one-fourth inches. John F. Nutting raised a radish weighing five and one-half pounds, and D. F. Cowles had a parsnip which measured three feet, nine and three-fourths inches in length. Jonathan Cowls picked in his orchard an apple weighing seventeen and one-half ounces, while Spencer Smith brought from South Amherst a tomato that weighed a pound and a half. Walter Fuller sent to the newspaper office specimens of his "Norwottuck ice cream," and bridal parties furnished the editor with a loaf of wedding-cake. These articles were eaten, and their good qualities noticed in the paper. Each year a cattle show was held upon the common and mammoth eggs and apples and radishes and parsnips were exhibited. On these occasions the farmers and professors and "Rev'd Clergy" sat down together in the hotel dining-room, and in after dinner speeches, congratulated each other upon their success in the practical application of the science of Agriculture. The famous Indian doctress, Mrs. Young, was ready in her office in the Amherst House to cure all diseases, "Chronic, Incipient, eruptive, Scorbutic, sympathetic, Symphatic, or Epidemic" and could thus be consulted in case the banqueters should indulge too freely in the pleasures of the table.

These glimpses of local history prepare the visitor for a stroll on Amity street where, on the site of the present brick

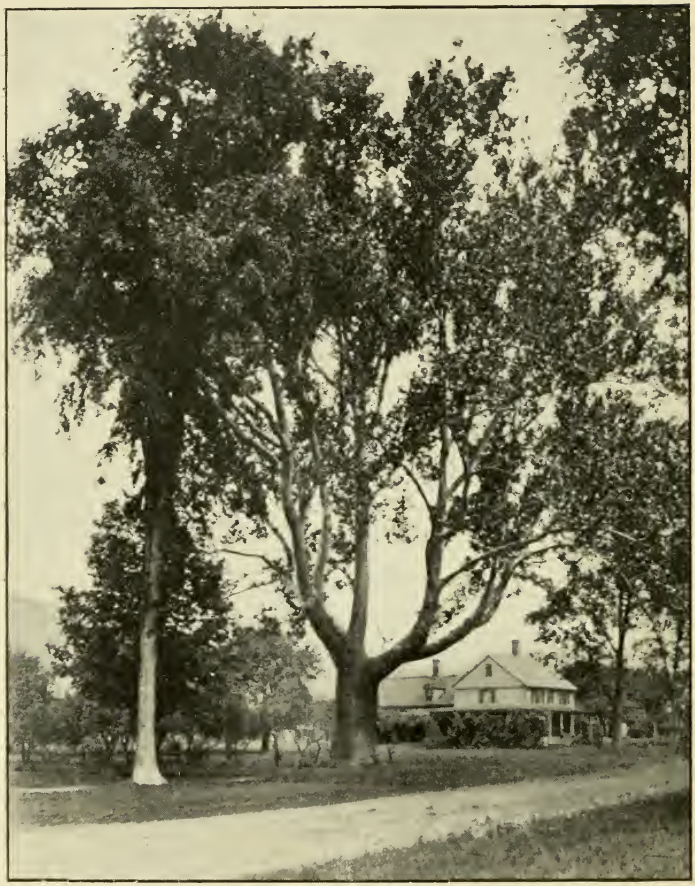
schoolhouse, the Amherst Academy, the second classical institution in western Massachusetts, was once located. Eugene and Roswell Field spent their boyhood in the house now owned by Hiram Heaton, on the corner of Amity street and Lincoln Avenue, and attended the private school kept by the Misses Howland in the octagon house on North Prospect street. The old Strong house, built in 1744, is in plain view from the hotel. This ancient dwelling with gambrel roof and quaint interior is the oldest house in town, and stands substantially the same as it did one hundred and fifty years ago. The deep yard and magnificent trees before this venerable mansion attract attention and the former shows the width of the old highways laid out when the town was in its infancy. The Mary Mattoon Chapter, D. A. R., has its headquarters in an annex to this house, and its rooms are filled with relics of the olden time gathered from all the country round.

Other walks about the village are of exceeding interest, but the car for Sunderland is waiting and we must hasten on our way. We see as we continue our ride to the north, on either side of Pleasant street houses which have stood since the beginning of the century. The old West Cemetery on the right, where Revolutionary heroes and their descendants sleep, is worthy of a visit. On a commanding eminence in the midst of a grove of oaks and chestnuts we notice the group of buildings where in 1827, the "Mount Pleasant Classical Institution" was established. Henry Ward Beecher prepared for Amherst College in this famous school.

MOUNT TOBY HOUSE—*From History of Sunderland*

Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Passing Unity church on the right and St. Bridget's church on the left, the car runs through the grounds of the Massachusetts Agricultural College comprising an estate of four hundred acres. From the southern entrance may be seen the stone chapel and the colonial dining hall, around which are grouped dormitories, laboratories, green-houses, the model barn and stables, the museums and the dwelling houses of professors and their assistants. In the midst of the broad stretch of meadow the miniature lake reflects the sunlight by day and the many electric lights by night. For a background to the picture the Berkshire hills and distant Green mountains rise against the horizon. On the campus a football game may be in progress or the college battalion may be marching to military music. The gardens, the orchards, the bits of forest, the conservatories, the museums, the library, and the whole equipment and working of this educational institution maintained by the Federal and State Governments at the cost of many thousands of dollars annually, are open to the inspection of visitors. Young men and women who are citizens of the United States receive here a most excellent education in the arts and sciences without charge for tuition. Degrees of Bachelor of Science, Master of Science, and Doctor of Philosophy are conferred. Students from Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and other foreign countries have availed themselves of the privileges of the college. Its president, Henry H. Goodell, M. A., LL. D., has been connected with the institution as instructor, professor, or chief executive officer from its establishment in 1867. Although the



BUTTONWOOD TREE—Sunderland Street

college is closed in summer the closely related work of the Hatch Experiment station in its many departments is carried on continuously throughout the year.

North Amherst and Sunderland.

Beyond the college grounds we see at the right, on the northern slope of Mount Pleasant and commanding a fine view of the Connecticut and Deerfield valleys, the old Dickinson estate, "Mark's Meadow." The house was built many years ago on land that had been owned by the family for generations. Here lived and died Captain Marquis F. Dickinson, a direct descendant of Nathaniel Dickinson, the founder of Hadley. His wife was the first real Daughter of Mary Mattoon Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The present owner, Marquis F. Dickinson of Boston, while preserving its antique features, has put the home of his ancestors in thorough repair and with his family occupies it as a summer residence. From the college grounds the village of North Amherst, with its white meeting-house, seems to be nestled at the foot of Mount Toby, but as we approach the mountains recede, and charming views of country homes and fertile fields open in all directions. The method by which this North Amherst meeting-house was built, told in the *Story of a New England Country Church*, is unique in New England history. The people are prosperous and many of them are descended from the first settlers of this section of the town. Just beyond the village where the road turns sharply to the left is the home of Walter D. Cowls, President of the Amherst and Sunderland Street Railway Company. This

estate was the property of his father and grandfather, and here they lived and died. The extension of the road to Sunderland, to South Hadley and to West Pelham is due to the enterprise of President Cowls, ably seconded by the officers and directors.

Proceeding northward past the power-house of the railroad company we follow a level highway shaded by long rows of sugar maples and bordered by well kept farm-houses. In an upper room of the old Hubbard tavern, a frame dwelling on the left at the first crossing above North Amherst, Pacific Lodge of Masons held its meetings more than a hundred years ago. It was just north of the "Dry Brook" that Major Caleb Hubbard was plowing with a yoke of oxen and one horse when the news came of the fighting at Lexington. The oldtime patriot left the oxen standing and the plow fast in the furrow, jumped on the horse's back and galloped to the village to enlist in the first company leaving for Boston. Presently the road turns to the left and we catch glimpses of the southern mountains. Another turn and we are at our journey's end, with a beautiful shaded avenue stretching before us to the north, and to the west, the precipitous sandstone cliffs of Sugar Loaf.

Sunderland, formerly known as Swampfield, is a typical New England town of the olden time, built on one broad street lying along the river bank. Here Mount Toby and Sugar Loaf and the river between them provide a natural park with possibilities of enjoyment only limited by the disposition of the traveler. The Connecticut at this point is a smooth lakelike sheet of water, flowing quietly between its rocky mountain peaks. Delightful strolls may be taken in either direction along its shore. If we choose to cross the bridge and walk a short dis-

MOUNT SUGAR LOAF AT SUNSET

tance beyond, we find cars in waiting for South Deerfield which connect with trolley roads in several directions. The Mount Toby House at the end of the Amherst and Sunderland line is an excellent country hotel, and is noted for its trout suppers. Many picnic parties take refreshment here and then explore the town, noting the new public library and the immense buttonwood tree in front of the home of Dr. M. H. Williams. Among the interesting houses on Sunderland street is the "Old Parsonage," owned in 1784 by Lemuel Delano, whose ancestor, Philip Delanoye, a French Huguenot, came to America in the bark Fortune, and finally settled in Duxbury. One of his sons married a daughter of Miles Standish and another a daughter of John and Priscilla Alden. This house is to-day the home of its owner, Jesse L. Delano, a direct descendant of Philip Delanoye. The history of the town shows the early settlers in Sunderland to have been intensely patriotic. At one time during the Revolution John Montague was the only able-bodied male citizen at home, and he had remained to weave cloth for the women and girls to make into clothing for the soldiers. Sunderland women of the olden time were capable and energetic, and were mistresses of many arts and crafts. One village poetess, Miss Nancy Hubbard, signed her name "Viola," and wrote verses entitled, "My Country," "The Moon of Falling Leaves" and many others which were printed in the *Hampshire and Franklin Express*. We can imagine this pensive damsel sitting on a rock apart from the crowd of merry-makers on the mountain-top, and scribbling:

"MUSINGS ON NORWOTTUCK."

"I feel the presence of that mighty power
Who spake, and at his word the mountains rose,
Called from the earth the sweetly springing flower,
And formed these hills and vales of calm repose.
Nature's broad carpet spreading at my feet,
Where towns and villages in beauty rise:
With distant water, many a silver sheet,
And glistening spires, up-pointing to the skies."

In early days Sunderland was a "sea-port town." Heavy freight from Hartford was landed at the foot of Bridge street and lumber from the east and northeast was shipped upon the river. But the Connecticut was not a satisfactory means of communication and the citizens greatly desired a railroad. Plans were made by which the "Sugar Loaf Mountain Road" should be built from Montague to Hockanum passing through Sunderland and thence by Plum Trees through Amherst a half mile west of the Amherst House. But in spite of their anxiety and determination, the people waited more than fifty years before their idea of railroad communication with neighboring towns became an established fact. To-day this lovely rural village is an objective point of travel from distant sections, and opportunity to climb the neighboring mountains is placed within the reach of all.

East Amherst and West Pelham.

The main line of the Amherst and Sunderland railway terminates at Sunderland but the road has still another excursion to offer to its patrons. Half an hour after leaving the Mount Toby House we may again be in Amherst and ready to board

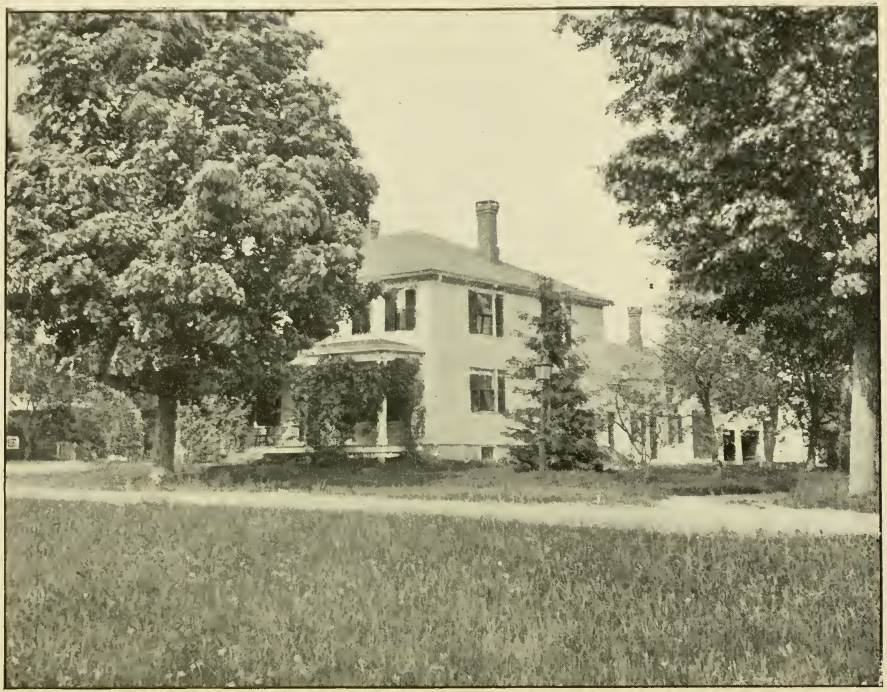
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. W. E. Strong, Minister

a car for East Amherst and West Pelham. The old American House, formerly the Hygeian Hotel, is on the left hand side as the car passes down Main street. Just beyond, at the end of Phoenix Row, a house long since burned was for ten years the home of Noah Webster. He was a public spirited citizen and, though busily engaged in the preparation of his dictionary,

took an active interest in the welfare of the town, was vice-president of the college corporation, and made an address at the laying of the corner stone of the first college building erected. This distinguished scholar was also a practical farmer, and delighted in gathering in his hay, assisted by his daughters, who raked after the cart.

As we proceed along Main street, the beautiful stone edifice of the First Congregational church is seen upon the right. This building is the fourth meeting-house of the organization which was formed in 1739, when the settlement was known as "Hadley Third Precinct." Before the town received its name the old First church, in obedience to the decree of the General Court, had settled a "Learned orthodox minister," the Rev. David Parsons, and had provided for his "handsome and honorable Support." In the first rude meeting-house built on the hill where the College Observatory now stands, the whole town gathered to worship for almost fifty years. In 1787 a more commodious building was erected near the same location, but with the growth of Amherst College, this became too small for townspeople and students. The third meeting-house was completed in time for the Commencement exercises in 1829. As College Hall we see this building to-day, square and orthodox in its appearance, a substantial monument to the thorough workmanship of its founders and builders.

The old First church was the parent of the town, and the mother of the four other Congregational churches within its limits. The handsome modern edifice built on land purchased from the Montague estate, was dedicated in 1868. In 1889 its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated.



MATTOON HOUSE IN EAST AMHERST—Now owned by Olney P. Gaylord

Nearly opposite the First church, and partially hidden by trees behind an evergreen hedge, is the estate of William A. Dickinson, the former treasurer of Amherst College. This is now the home of his widow and of his daughter, Martha Gilbert Dickinson, author of "Within the Hedge," a collection of poems. The next house, the first brick house in town, was built by Samuel F. Dickinson and was the birthplace and life-long home of his granddaughter, Emily Dickinson. Here she wrote the well-known poems which were published after her death.

As the car crosses the tracks of the Central Vermont railroad the principal manufacturing establishments of Amherst may be seen. On the right are located the extensive hat factories of the Hills Company and of George B. Burnett and Son. Growing from a small shop established in 1829 by Leonard M. Hills, the hat business has been developed by his son and grandson until to-day thousands of dollars are invested in the plant and hundreds of hands are employed in the production of straw hats for the supply of extensive markets. Adjoining the factory of the Hills Company are the Gas Works and some distance to the north of Main street is the electric light station of the Amherst Gas Company. Beyond the Hills Company's factory to the east is the box shop of Angus and Seitz. This firm produces many packing boxes and hundreds of tool-chests every year. On the opposite side of College street the Arms Pocket Book and Leather Novelty Company carries on a new industry recently established.

At East Amherst opposite the second Congregational church, was the early home of Professor Herbert B. Adams of Johns

DAM OF THE MONTAGUE CITY ROD COMPANY
From History of Pelham

Hopkins University. Near by, the old house with double doors was the home of Noah Dickinson whose daughter Mary married General Ebenezer Mattoon, the most famous soldier that

Amherst ever produced. Across the green may be seen the square white house in which lived *Mary Mattoon and her Hero of the Revolution.* The Mary Mattoon Chapter, D. A. R. of Amherst is named in honor of this woman, who was a true New England heroine of the olden time. The old Baggs tavern near by, where prisoners of Burgoyne's army were entertained and where the conspirators in Shays' Rebellion gathered about the bar-room fire to perfect their plans is worthy of our notice. Shays and his remnant of an army fled along the road over which we have traveled, back to their homes among the Pelham hills. This part of the trolley line is closely connected with that notorious leader and those who followed his standard. The rebellion was planned in the old Conkey tavern in Pelham and the army was drilled before the tavern door. This tavern was long since destroyed, but the descendants of those whom Daniel Shays led to defeat live all about these hills and tales of those exciting times are often on their lips.

From East Amherst to West Pelham is new territory for the trolley road for this is the most recently completed extension of the line. The terminus leads us into a wild and beautiful region, under the shadow of Mount Pisgah. Here is the Montague City Fish-rod Factory, where fish-rods in three hundred different styles and patterns are made from bamboo and lancewood and shipped all over the world. This industry in prosperous times gives employment to forty workmen. The manager, Eugene P. Bartlett, is one of the selectmen of Pelham and is well known and popular in Amherst.

The Orient grounds, not far away, occupy a sandy plateau which overlooks Amherst and commands a fine view of the

Holyoke and Mount Tom ranges and toward the north the Hampshire hills. Here in a deep ravine are the Orient Springs whose waters have been found to contain iron, sulphur, and magnesia. This mineral water is noted for its medicinal qualities and when bottled, commands a ready sale. The Orient Springs hotel built on this fine location, was burned many years ago, but with the coming of the trolley, the place has become accessible, and offers a beautiful situation for a summer boarding-house. Near by is Mountain View Range, owned by the Amherst Gun Club. A little to the south on the brow of the hill the Flavel Gaylord place, commanding a charming prospect, has been recently sold for the site of a rustic cottage. The summit of Mount Lincoln, twelve hundred feet high, is not far distant and is reached by a good road. When Henry Ward Beecher was a student in Amherst College he loved nature better than books and almost every day might have been found among the trees about Pelham and Mount Lincoln. It is said that he had a familiar acquaintance with these old Pelham trees and had given names to many of them.

This is a region picturesque and romantic. To the north lies Lake Wyola, a beautiful sheet of water with wooded shores frequented by fishermen and hunters. The drive through the "Gulf" by Scarboro's trout-pond and stream to Pansy Park and the Belchertown ponds and thence home through South Amherst offers streamlets and lakes, mountains, forests and gardens in charming variety. Suitable sites for summer cottages are found all along the Pelham hills and residents in neighboring cities are by means of the trolley discovering the beauties lying at their very doors.

VALLEY BRIDGE, PELHAM—*From History of Pelham*

Returning to the Amherst House, our trolley trip over the Amherst and Sunderland railroad "Through Turkey Pass to Amherst and Beyond" is ended for to-day, but in that word "beyond" are boundless possibilities. Our ancestors dreamed of a chain of canals by means of which they might travel from the Connecticut River to Lake Memphremagog. But instead of being slowly drawn by horses along a narrow channel, we who are descendants of those ancient dreamers fly up and down hill like magic on cars driven by some beneficent unseen power, which takes us where we will. No secluded hamlet can repel the invasion of the trolley, and blessings follow on its path. Amherst and Sunderland, Pelham and South Hadley are now near neighbors and visit each other on business or pleasure. Science and enterprise have produced these wonders and the end is not yet.